

WE, US AND CO.

We, Us and Co. (they were partners, you know).
 Next a wee shop many long years ago.
 It was the floor-walker. We was the clerk.
 Co. did the sweeping and all the hard work.
 We was obliging, good-natured, polite—
 Certainly treated the customers right;
 It was quite faithful, but growled a great
 deal.
 Especially if urchins attempted to steal.

All worked together with love and good
 cheer.
 Making a plain, honest living each year;
 Love for each other continued to grow—
 Happy, so happy were We, Us and Co.

Matters went well until one summer day
 We quit the firm and went far, far away—
 Went up to elerik with the angels so glad,
 Leaving poor Us and Co. lonely and sad.

Everything changed in the dim little store;
 Nothing was ever the same as before;
 Us sat around, looking sober, alack,
 Wondering when little We would come
 back.

Why would I turn the world back a few
 years?
 Why do I struggle to keep back the tears?
 "We" was my dear little girl, you must
 know.

"Us" was the dog, and—well, I was the
 "Co."
 —James Courtney Challiss, in National
 Magazine.

The Lost Continent

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

I let my hand clench on hers. "Take
 me to husband then, and I will be a
 good man to you. But, as I am bidden
 speak to Phorenice the woman now,
 and not to the empress, I offer her
 fair warning that I will be no puppet."

She looked at me sidelong. "I have
 been master so long that I think it
 will come as enjoyment to be mastered
 sometimes. No, Deucalion, I promise
 that—you shall be no puppet. In-
 deed, it would take a lusty lung to
 do the piping if you were to dance
 against your will."

"Then as man and wife we will live
 together in the royal pyramid, and we
 will rule this country with all the wit
 that it has pleased the high gods to
 bestow on us. These miserable differ-
 ences shall be swept aside; the rebels
 shall go back to their homes, and
 hunt, and fight the beasts in the pro-
 vinces, and the Priests' clan shall be
 pacified. Phorenice, you and I will
 throw ourselves brain and soul into
 the government, and we will make
 Atlantis rise as a nation that shall
 once more surpass all the world for
 peace and prosperity."

Petulant she drew her hand away
 from mine. "Oh, your conditions, and
 your Atlantis! You carry a crudeness
 in these colonial manners of yours,
 Deucalion, that falls on one after
 the first blunt blow of your words. Am
 I to do all the wooing? Is there no
 little thrill of love under all your ice?"

"In truth, I do not know what love
 may be. I have had little enough
 speech with women all these busy
 years."

"We were a pair, then, when you
 landed, though I have heard sighs and
 prostrations from every man that car-
 ries a beard in all Atlantis. Some of
 them tickled my fancy for the day,
 but none of them have moved me
 deeper. No, I also have not learned
 what this love may be from my own
 personal feelings. But, sir, I think
 that you will teach me soon, if you go
 on with your coldness."

"From what I have seen, love is for
 the poor and the weak, and for those of
 flighty emotions."

"Then I would that another woman
 were empress, and that I were some
 ill-dressed creature of the gutter that
 a strong man could pick up by force
 and carry away to his home for sheer
 passion. Ah! How I could revel in it!
 How I could respond if he caught my
 whim!" She laughed. "But I should
 lead him a sad life if it my liking
 were not so strong as his."

"We are as we are made, and we
 cannot change our inwards which
 move us."

She looked at me with a sullen
 glance. "If I do not change yours,
 my Deucalion, there will be more trou-
 ble brewed for this poor Atlantis than
 you set such store upon. There will
 be ill doings in this coming household
 of ours if my love grows for you, and
 yours remains still unborn."

I believe she would have had me fonde-
 her there in the golden castle on
 the mammoth's shaggy back, before
 the city streets packed with curious
 people. She had little enough appetite
 for privacy at any time. But for the
 life of me I could not do it. The gods
 know I was earnest enough about my
 task, and they know also how it re-
 pelled me. But I was a true priest
 that day, and I had put away all per-
 sonal liking to carry out the com-
 mands which the council had laid upon
 me. If I had known how to set about
 it, I would have fallen in with her
 mood. But where any of those shal-
 low, bedizened triflers about the court
 would have been glibly in his element,
 I stuck for lack of a dozen words.

But here, by a lucky chance for me,
 an incident occurred which saved me
 from further baiting. The rebels out-
 side the walls were conducting their
 day's attack with vigor and some in-
 telligence. More than once during
 our procession the lighter missiles
 from their war engines had sang up
 through the air and split against a
 building, and thrown splinters which
 wounded those which thronged the
 streets. Still there had been nothing
 to ruffle the nerves of anyone at all
 used to the haps of warfare, or in
 any way to hinder our courtship. But
 presently, it seems, they stopped
 hurling stones from their war en-
 gines, and took to loading them with

carcasses of wood lined with the
 throwing fire.

Now against stone buildings these
 did little harm, save only that they
 scorched horribly any poor wretch
 that was within splash of them when
 they burst; but when they fell upon
 the rude wooden booths and rush
 shelters of the poorer folk, they set
 them ablaze instantly. There was
 no putting out these fires.

These things also would have given
 to either Phorenice or myself little
 enough of concern, as they are the
 trivial and common incidents of
 every siege; but the mammoth on
 which we rode had not been so prop-
 erly schooled. When the first blue
 whiff of smoke came to us down the
 windings of the street, the huge red
 beast hoisted its trunk, and began to
 sway its head uneasily. When the
 smoke drifts grew more dense, and
 here and there a tongue of flame
 showed pale beneath the sunshine, it
 stopped abruptly and began to
 trumpet.

The guards who led it tugged man-
 fully at the chains which hung from
 the jagged metal collar round its
 neck, so that the spikes ran deep
 into its flesh, and reminded it keenly
 of its bondage. But the beast's ter-
 ror at the fire, which was native to
 its constitution, mastered all its new-
 bought habits of obedience. From
 time unknown men have hunted the
 mammoth in the savage ground, and
 the mammoth has hunted men; and
 the men have always used fire as a
 shield, and mammoths have learned
 to dread fire as the most dangerous
 of all enemies.

Phorenice's brow began to darken
 as the great beast grew more restive,
 and she shook her red curls viciously.
 "Some one shall lose a head for this
 blundering," said she. "I ordered to
 have this beast trained to stand in-
 different to drums, shouting, arrows,
 stones, and fire, and the trainers as-
 sured me that all was done, and
 brought examples."

I slipped my girdle. "Here," I said,
 "quick. Let me lower you to the
 ground."

She turned on me with a gleam.
 "Are you fearful for my neck then,
 Deucalion?"

"I have no mind to be bereaved be-
 fore I have tasted my wedded life."
 "Pish! There is little enough of
 danger. I will stay and ride it out.
 I am not one of your nervous women,
 sir. But go you, if you please."

"There is little enough chance for
 that now."

Blood flowed from the mammoth's
 neck where the spikes of the collar
 tore it, and with each drop, so did
 the tameness seem to ooze out from
 it also. With wild squeals and trum-
 petings it turned and charged vicious-
 ly down the way it had come, scat-
 tering like straws the spearmen who
 tried to stop it, and mowing a great
 swathe through the crowd with its
 monstrous progress. Many more

had been trodden under foot, many
 killed by its murderous trunk, but
 only their cries came to us. The
 golden castle, with its canopy of
 royal snakes, was swayed and tossed
 so that we two occupants had much
 ado not to be shot off like stones
 from a catapult. But I took a brace
 with my feet against the front and
 one arm around a pillar, and clapped
 the spare arm round Phorenice, so as
 to offer myself to her as a cushion.

She lay there contentedly enough,
 with her lovely face just beneath my
 chin, and the faint scent of her hair
 coming in to me with every breath I
 took; and the mammoth charged
 madly on through the narrow streets.
 We had outstripped the taint of
 smoke, and the original cause of fear,
 but the beast seemed to have forgot-
 ten everything in its mad panic. It
 held furiously on with enormous
 strides, carrying its trunk aloft, and
 deafening us with its screams and
 trumpetings. We left behind us
 quickly all those who had trod in
 that glittering pageant, and we were
 carried helplessly on through the
 wards of the city.

The beast was utterly beyond all
 control. So great was its pace that
 there was no alternative but to try
 and cling on to the castle. Up there
 we were beyond its reach. To have
 leaped off, even if we had avoided
 having brains dashed out or limbs
 smashed by the fall, would have been
 to put ourselves at once at a fright-
 ful disadvantage. The mammoth
 would have scented us immediately,
 and turned (as is the custom of these
 beasts), and we should have been
 trampled into pulp in a dozen sec-
 onds.

There was no guiding the brute; in
 its insanity of madness it doubled
 many times upon its course, the
 windings of the streets confusing it.
 But by degrees we left the large pal-
 aces and pyramids behind, and got
 among the quarters of artisans,
 where weavers and smiths gaped at
 us from their doors as we thundered
 past. And then we came upon the
 merchants' quarters where men live
 over their storehouses that do traffic
 with the people over seas, and then

down an open space there glittered
 before us a mirror of water.
 "Now here," thought I, "this mad
 beast will come to sudden stop, and
 as like as not will swerve round
 sharply and charge back again to-
 wards the heart of the city." And I
 braced myself to withstand the
 shock, and took fresh grip upon the
 woman who lay against my breast.
 But with louder screams and wilder
 trumpetings the mammoth held
 straight on, and presently came to
 the harbor's edge, and sent the spray
 sparkling in sheets among the sun-
 shine as it went with its clumsy gait
 into the water.

But at this point the pace was very
 quickly slackened. The great sewers,
 which science devised for the health
 of the city in the old king's time,
 vomit their drainings into this part
 of the harbor, and the solid matter
 which they carry is quickly deposited
 as an impalpable sludge. Into this
 the huge beast began to sink deeper
 and deeper before it could halt in its
 rush, and when with frightened bel-
 lowings it had come to a stop, it was
 bogged irretrievably. Madly it strug-
 gled, wildly it screamed and trum-
 peted. The harbor water and the slime
 were churned into one stinking com-
 post, and the golden castle in which
 we clung lurched so wildly that we
 were torn from it and shot far away
 into the water.

Still there, of course, we were safe,
 and I was pleased enough to be rid
 of the bumpings.

Phorenice laughed as she swam.
 "You handle yourself like a sore
 man, Deucalion. I owe you some-
 thing for lending me the cushion of
 your body. By my face! There's
 more of the gallant about you when
 it comes to the test than one would
 guess to hear you talk. How did you
 like the ride, sir? I warrant it came
 to you as a new experience."

"Pish, man! you'll never be a
 courtier. You should have sworn
 that with me in your arms you could
 have wished the bumping had gone
 on forever. Ho, the boat there! Hold
 your arrows. Deucalion, hail me
 those fools in that boat. Tell them
 that, if they hurt so much as a hair
 of my mammoth, I'll kill them all by
 torture. He'll exhaust himself di-
 rectly, and when his flurry's done
 we'll leave him where he is, to con-
 sider his evil ways for a day or so,
 and then haul him out with wind-
 lasses, and tame him afresh. Phol! I
 could not feel myself to be Phorenice
 if I had no fine, red, shaggy mam-
 moth to take me out for my rides."

The boat was a ten-slave galley,
 which was churning up from the
 farther side of the harbor as hard as
 well-plied whips could make oars
 drive her; but at the sound of my
 shouts the soldiers on her foredeck
 stopped their arrow-shots, and the
 steersman swerved her off on a new
 course to pick us up. Till then we
 had been swimming leisurely across
 an angle of the harbor, so as to avoid
 landing where the sewers outpoured;
 but we stopped now, treading the
 water, and were helped over the side
 by most respectful hands.

The galley belonged to the captain
 of the port, a mining figure of a
 mariner, whose highest appetite in
 life was to lick the feet of the great;
 and he began to fawn and prostrate
 himself at once, and to wish that his
 eyes had been blinded before he saw
 the empress in such deadly peril.

But it seemed she could be cloyed
 with flattery. "If you are tired of
 your eyes," said she, "let me tell you
 that you have gone the way to
 have them plucked out from their
 sockets. Kill my mammoth, would
 you, because he has shown himself a
 trifle frowsy? You and your sort
 want more education, my man. I shall
 have to teach you that port-captains
 and such small creatures are very
 easy to come by, and very small
 value when got, but that my mam-
 moth is mine—mine, do you under-
 stand?—the property of Goddess
 Phorenice, and as such is sacred."

The port captain abased himself be-
 fore her. "I am an ignorant fellow,"
 said he, "and heaven was robbed of
 its brightest ornament when Phore-
 nice came down to Atlantis. But if
 reparation is permitted me, I have
 two prisoners in the cabin of the boat
 here who shall be sacrificed to the
 mammoth forthwith. Doubtless it
 would please him to make sport with
 them, and spill out the last lees of his
 rage upon their bodies."

"Prisoners you've got, have you?
 How taken?"

"Under cover of last night they
 were trying to pass in between the
 two forts which guard the harbor
 mouth. But their boat fouled the
 chain, and by the light of the torches
 the sentries spied them. They were
 caught with ropes and put in a dun-
 geon. There is an order not to abuse
 prisoners before they have been
 brought before a judgment."

"It was my order. Did these pris-
 oners offer to buy their lives with
 news?"

"The man has not spoken. Indeed,
 I think he got his death wound in be-
 ing taken. The woman fought like a
 cat also, so they said in the fort, but
 she was caught without hurt. She
 says she has got nothing that would
 be of use to tell. She says she has
 tired of living like a savage outside
 the city, and moreover that, inside,
 there is a man for whose nearness she
 craves most mightily."

"Tut!" said Phorenice. "Is this a
 romance we have swum to? You see
 what affectionate creatures we women
 are, Deucalion." The galley was
 brought up against the royal quay and
 made fast to its golden rings. I hand-
 ed the empress ashore, but she turned
 again and faced the boat, her gar-
 ments still yielding up a slender drip
 of water. "Produce your woman pris-
 oner, master captain, and let us see
 whether she is a runaway wife, or a
 lovesick girl mad after her sweet-

heart. Then I will deliver judgment
 on her, and as like as not will surprise
 you all with my clemency. I am in a
 mood for tender romance to-day."

The port captain went into the little
 hutch of a cabin with a white face. It
 was plain that Phorenice's pleasant-
 ries scared him. "The man appears
 to be dead, your majesty. I see that
 his wounds—"

"Bring out the woman, you fool. I
 asked for her. Keep your carriage
 where it is."

I saw the fellow stoop for his knife
 to cut a lashing, and presently who
 should he bring out to the daylight
 but the girl I had saved from the cave
 tigers in the circus, and who had so
 strangely drawn me to her during the
 hours that we had spent afterwards in
 companionship. It was clear, too,
 that the empress recognized her also.
 Indeed, she made no secret about the
 matter, addressing her by name and
 mockingly making inquiries about the
 menage of the rebels, and the success
 of the prisoner's amours.

[To Be Continued.]

BURIAL OF A MONK.

Solemn Ceremony Described by an
Eye Witness—Body Laid on
the Bare Ground.

It was a sultry day. Not a leaf
 stirred, and the sea did not even ripple.
 There was a silence in nature that
 made the slightest sound almost pain-
 fully distinct. The thought of the dead
 monk in the church never left me. I
 seemed to see him lying there, with his
 hands folded on his breast, in the awful
 rigidity of death, and the two figures
 almost as motionless kneeling at his
 head, says a writer in Gentleman's
 Magazine. As night came on, it brought
 no cooling breeze; the mysterious still-
 ness seemed to deepen. It was too op-
 pressive for sleep, and when at three
 o'clock the solemn monastery bell
 broke the silence it was a welcome re-
 lief. After the last echo had died away
 the same heavy suspense seemed more
 unbearable by contrast. At last we
 rose and wandered listlessly about the
 island. Just as we neared the cloister,
 a lamentable wail, beginning on a high
 note, and coming down the chromatic
 scale, rent the air. I shivered with
 emotion; I knew what it was—they
 were burying the dead monk. They
 had lowered the corpse, clad in the
 cowl, into the grave, with no coffin;
 the infirmier had laid the body on the
 bare ground, and, after a farewell look
 had drawn the cowl over the still white
 face. Then the abbot had thrown a
 shovel of earth into the grave, and the
 friars converts had begun to fill it
 up. Just as the body ceased to be vis-
 ible the monks had fallen on their
 knees, with their faces to the earth,
 the chanter crying, in the wailing tones
 we had just heard: "Domine!" The
 monks replied, lower down the scale:
 "Miserere super peccatorem." Then the
 chanter again uttered that heart-
 rending cry: "Domine!" and the monks
 replied yet a third time that piteous
 call, as of a soul on the confines of
 despair: "Domine!" and once more the
 response, which floated over the wall
 like a sob: "Pity for a poor sinner." I
 was thrilled through and through.

BELOVED BY ANIMALS.

Wonderful Winning Power Pos-
sessed by the Mother of
Robert Browning.

Robert Browning's mother had an
 extraordinary power over animals.
 W. J. Stillman says, in his "Autobiog-
 raphy," that she could even lure but-
 terflies to her by some unknown
 means, and that domestic animals
 obeyed her as if by the aid of reason.

Robert had received a present of a
 bulldog, of a rare breed, which toler-
 ated no interference from any person
 except him or his mother, and would
 never allow strangers to be in the least
 familiar with her. When a neighbor
 came in, he was not allowed to shake
 hands with her, for the dog at once
 showed his teeth. Not even her hus-
 band was allowed to approach her too
 closely, and if Robert was more fami-
 liar with her than the dog thought
 proper, the display of teeth was very
 evident.

One day, to subject him to a severe
 test, Robert put his arm about his
 mother's neck, as they sat side by side
 at the table. The dog went round be-
 hind them, put his forefeet on a chair,
 and lifted Robert's arm away with his
 nose.

There was a favorite cat in the fam-
 ily, and her the dog hated. One day
 he chased her under a cupboard and
 kept her there, besieged, until Mrs.
 Browning gave him a severe lecture,
 and charged him never to molest pussy
 more. The creature obeyed her implicitly.
 From that time forth he was
 never known to touch the cat, although
 she, remembering past tyranny, bore
 herself most insolently toward him.
 Yet when she scratched him, he only
 whimpered and turned away, as if to
 avoid temptation.

Why, the Idea!

Mrs. Jiggs—No wonder Mr. Splash
 doesn't dress well, his wife is very ex-
 travagant.

Mr. Jiggs—Is that so?
 "Yes, at the club to-day she pro-
 posed that we subscribe \$100 for a
 bed in the new hospital, when every-
 one knows you can get a lovely bed at
 Sellen's for \$4.98." — Chelsea Ga-
 zette.

A Saving Wife.

First Young Wife—Do you find it
 more economical, dear, to do your
 own cooking?

Second Young Wife—Oh, certainly.
 My husband doesn't eat half as much
 as he did.—Punch.

Resemble Lobsters.

Some men resemble lobsters; they
 turn red when they find themselves
 in hot water.—Chicago Daily News.

TO ENTERTAIN THE PRINCE.

The Programme at the Metropolitan
Opera House Completed.

New York, Feb. 10.—Maurice Grau,
 director of the Metropolitan Opera Co.,
 after a conference with the opera com-
 mittee of the mayor's committee, ap-
 pointed in connection with the pro-
 posed visit of Prince Henry, Sunday
 announced the arrangements as far as
 completed for the entertainment of
 the prince at the Metropolitan opera
 house on the evening of February 25.
 The programme probably will consist
 of the first act of Lohengrin, the sec-
 ond act of Carmen, the third act of
 Aida, the second act of Tannhauser,
 the first act of La Traviata and the
 third scene of Le Cid.

In this programme each of the prima
 donnas and all of the great tenors of
 the Metropolitan Opera Co. will take
 part.

The following schedule of prices will
 prevail: Orchestra chairs, \$30; dress
 circle, \$15; first rows in the balcony,
 \$12.50; rear rows in balcony, \$10, and
 family circle, \$5. Admission with
 standing room will be \$5. All of the
 boxes have been disposed of to the
 opera committee. The scale of prices
 for the boxes decided upon by Mr.
 Grau and the committee, according to
 Mr. Grau, is as follows: Stall
 boxes, containing six seats, \$250;
 stall boxes containing five seats, \$200;
 stall boxes of four seats, \$150, and
 rear stall boxes containing three seats,
 \$100. The remaining seats in the
 house will be placed on sale to the
 general public.

ATTEMPT TO CATCH DEWET.

The Well Laid Plans of Lord Kitchener
Came to Naught.

London, Feb. 10.—From Wolvehoek
 Lord Kitchener telegraphed a long de-
 scription of a combined movement of
 numerous British columns with the
 object of securing Gen. DeWet.

Lord Kitchener says that on the
 night of February 4 the whole force
 moved from various directions and
 forming a continuous line of mounted
 men on the best bank of the Lieben-
 bergs Vlei, from Frankfort as far
 south as Fanny's Home, and thence
 to Kaffirkof. The line then advanced
 to the west, and the following night
 the British entrenched with their out-
 posts 50 yards apart. The advance
 was continued February 6 and DeWet
 was within the inclosure, but realizing
 his position, he ordered his men to
 disperse and seek safety during
 the night. DeWet, himself, with
 some men and a number of
 cattle, made for the Kroonstadt-
 Lindley blockhouse line and at 1
 o'clock in the morning, when it was
 very dark, by rushing his cattle at the
 fence, broke his way through the line,
 mixed up with the cattle and losing
 three men killed.

STRANGE FUNERAL.

Skeletons of Sts. Magnus and Bonosa
Buried in Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 10.—Clad in
 rich, red robes, the skeletons of St.
 Magnus and St. Bonosa, two Catholic
 saints who were slain at the command
 of a Roman emperor, nearly 1600 years
 ago on account of their religious be-
 liefs, were buried in St. Martin's
 church in this city Sunday afternoon.
 The bones were found in the cata-
 combs of Rome in 1700. They were
 given to an order of sisters in North-
 ern Italy and were kept by them until
 last summer, when the Rt. Rev. Mgr.
 Francis Zabier, pastor of St. Martin's
 church, secured them. St. Magnus
 was a Roman centurion and St. Bonosa
 a Roman virgin.

THE HINDOO TWINS.

They Were Separated By a Surgical
Operation By a Paris Physician.

Paris, Feb. 10.—The Hindoo twins,
 Radica and Dordina, who were united
 in a manner similar to the Siamese
 twins, who were exhibited throughout
 the world, were separated Sunday af-
 ternoon by Dr. Doyon. The operation
 lasted 20 minutes and was entirely
 successful. But, owing to the weak
 condition of the patients, due to the
 illness of one of the twins, who has
 been suffering from thrush, the final
 result of the operation is still doubtful.
 At 1 o'clock Monday morning the
 condition of both patients was satis-
 factory. It is reported that cinemato-
 graph pictures of various stages of the
 operation were taken.

Chicago Theater Damaged By Fire.

Chicago, Feb. 10.—The Orpheon the-
 ater in Washington street opposite the
 city hall was damaged by fire Monday
 morning to the extent of \$30,000. The
 flames spread with such rapidity that
 three attaches of the theater and two
 hotel tailors, who were in the building
 when the fire started, were overcome
 by smoke and severely burned before
 they could be rescued.

King Edward Entertains.

London, Feb. 10.—King Edward gave
 a dinner at Marlborough house to the
 members of the diplomatic corps and
 his cabinet. Forty-two guests were
 present, including United States Am-
 bassador Choate.

Afraid of Prison.

Decatur, Ill., Feb. 10.—John Kohler,
 aged 17, earned \$20 and went to de-
 posit it in a bank. The teller said the
 check he offered, bearing his father's
 name, was forged. Fearing the peni-
 tentiary, the boy went home and killed
 himself.

Fatal Waterspout.

New York, Feb. 10.—A waterspout
 has wrecked a station on the Jeronimo
 Mezzulla Central railway, causing
 many deaths and great damage on
 plantations, according to a dispatch
 from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

BLUE GRASS NURSERIES.

FALL, 1901.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Grape
 Vines, Small Fruits, Asparagus, and
 everything for Orchard, Lawn and Gar-
 den. We sell direct, at right prices, to
 the planter and have no agents. Gen-
 eral catalogue on application to
 H. F. HILLENMEYER,
 Both Telephones. Lexington, Ky.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the
 digestants and digests all kinds of
 food. It gives